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Raymond Holden

Why have I come so near the fearful stars
When what is in me is so much a want
Of utter dark too thick for any wars
Of flesh and spirit dazzlingly to haunt?
I do not know. I do not want to know;
Only to make a fire of weariness
And fling myself upon it, and burn, and go
Thinly, like smoke, to wind-walled quietness.

Raymond Holden

THESE FIELDS AT 'EVENING

These wear their evening light as women wear
Their pale proud beauty for some lover's sake,
Too quiet-hearted evermore to care
For moving worlds and musics that they make;
And they are hushed as lonely women are—
So lost in dreams they have no thought to mark
How the wide heavens blossom, star by star,
And the slow dusk is deepening to the dark.

The moon comes like a lover from the hill,
Leaning across the twilight and the trees;
And finds them grave and beautiful and still,
And wearing always, on such nights as these,
A glimmer less than any ghost of light,
As women wear their beauty through the night.

David Morton